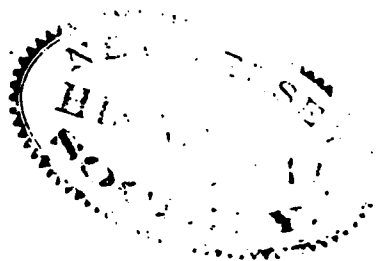


RE-UNION

-OF THE-



15th Regiment,

N. J. VOLUNTEERS,

AT

HACKETTSTOWN, N. J.,

*October 19th, 1880.*

---

1880.  
"THE IRON ERA" PRINT,  
Dover, N. J.

## REPORT

OF THE RE-UNION OF THE 15TH REGIMENT N. J. VOLUNTEERS,  
AT HACKETTSTOWN, N. J.

Tuesday, Oct. 19th, 1880, was the sixteenth anniversary of the battle of Cedar Creek, in which the Fifteenth Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers had a proud participation. The members of this regiment, which was recruited in the Counties of Morris, Sussex, Warren, Hunterdon and Somerset, had not met together since they were mustered out of the service, and Captains McDanolds and Kline, now of Trenton, conceived the happy idea of a re-union of the regiment upon that date, at Hackettstown. So they constituted themselves a committee and went to work with a will, corresponding and arranging the details. The result was one of the most pleasant social occasions that has ever been witnessed in this part of New Jersey. To make the occasion more interesting Sedgwick Post of the G. A. R., of Hackettstown, had invited the members of Winfield Scott Post, of Morristown, to be their guests.

The morning trains brought members of the old Fifteenth from every point of the compass, and when the last train had arrived a procession was formed at the depot. Winfield Scott Post, John A. Clift, Commander, accompanied by the Morristown Drum Corps, came first, and were followed by Sedgwick Post, Maj. E. G. Budd, Commander, accompanied by the Hackettstown Band. Both of these posts are largely composed of veterans of the Fifteenth. Behind these came the officers and members of the regiment. Among the ranks were some with empty sleeves and others upon crutches. At their head waved a battle-torn flag, and another bearing the red cross of the division. The line passed with the regularity of old veterans through a number of the principal streets, and ended at the wigwam, which was soon filled with the veterans and their friends.

After the ranks had been broken there was a general and hearty greeting among old comrades, many of whom had not taken each other by the hand since they relinquished the pursuits of war for the avocations of peace.

The drummer boy of Company C. had come from Camden, a comrade had come from Pittsburg, Pa., and "Daddy" Olmstead, as the boys called him, had come all the way from Ohio to be with them on this glad occasion. The greetings were many and curious:

"Are the wagons in yet?" was the first question propounded to the Commissary's Clerk.

"Hallo, there's 'Shorty' Hull! I'd know him in Egypt by his laugh," was a shout that welled up on the right.

On the left was heard the salutation, "How are you, Cap.? Recollect

me, I s'pose?" "I know your face", responded the Captain, "but I can hardly recall your name." "Well, you'd ought to," was the laughing rejoinder. "for I was the first man you ever tied up in the guard house."

A little ways apart two old comrades were scanning each other curiously.

"I had ought to know you," said one.

"And I seem to know you," replied the other.

"Lemme see," continued the first. "Didn't you and I one night, together and alone, cross a trestle near Spotsylvania?"

"That's just it; I thought we'd met somewhere," and a hearty greeting followed.

And so it was on every hand. Reminiscences followed recognitions, and in a moment the boys were enjoying a re union indeed, recounting the scenes of camp, march and battle.

Among the members present was William Padget, one of four brothers who belonged to Co. I, and who was once captured with \$190 of the pay which Uncle Sam had given him for his services. His present home is in Pike County, Pa. He had heard of the proposed re-union, and being too poor to ride, started out in the storm the Sunday previous and walked forty-six miles to meet the boys with whom he had served in the field. When asked if he was paid for his long tramp he modestly rejoined, "Yes, and twice over." It is needless to say that his old comrades in arms took good care that there should be no necessity for his walking home.

At a little after 11 o'clock the meeting was organized, and Major E. W. Davis, of Newark, was elected Chairman. He congratulated the members of the 15th that so many of them had been permitted to be present, and returned thanks for the honor conferred upon him.

Adjutant E. D. Halsey was elected Secretary of the meeting.

Prayer was offered by Rev. A. A. Haines, of Hamburg, Sussex county, the Chaplain of the Regiment, who gave thanks to the Father that the lives of so many comrades had been spared, and prayed that they in recalling the events of their past history might see that it was God's hand that had guided them.

The tune of "America" was rendered by the band, after which "Marching Through Georgia" was sung by the Hackettstown Glee Club, with all the veterans and friends joining in the chorus.

Then Col. C. H. Valentine was introduced to make the address of welcome, and after the applause which greeted him had subsided he said: "Surviving officers and soldiers of the Fifteenth regiment, I greet you. In the name of a community that remembers your services I salute you. With every one that enjoys liberty to day I welcome you." The speaker then went on to say that this was not the first time they had met the members of the Fifteenth—that twenty years ago they knew them, when they sent them to the front. Next the Colonel showed the glories and stability of our government which treason had attempted to overthrow. The life of the nation in the past warranted a glorious future, but the South was dissatisfied because of its loss of power. He showed the false feeling of insecurity which the people

were enjoying while traitors were devising measures to destroy the government. But the first shot at Sumpter struck the key note of the orchestra of war and roused the nation from her lethargy. Then it was that the gallant old Fifteenth Regiment came from the hills of New Jersey. Here the Colonel noted the opposition of New Jersey to the doctrine of slavery, and cited the previous attempts at insurrection and nullification. New Jersey had a grand history in the trying times of the Revolution. She was tried of old on the fields of Trenton, Monmouth and Princeton, and when treason struck at the government her record in the fight began at Williamsburg and went up the Peninsula, was continued at Antietam and Chancellorsville, and from Gettysburg to the walls of Richmond. Next was discussed the results of the war—the blessings that came with the abolition of slavery and the added respect and honor of the nation abroad. The sacrifices and heroism of the regiment were noted, and a tribute was paid to the wives, mothers and sisters of the men who went to the front. The mission of these men here this day is to endear in their hearts the union for which they had risked their lives. In conclusion he counseled them to preserve the Constitution—to watch it as the unseen soldiers of the Almighty watched the ark of the covenant that he who placed impious hands upon it might die.

The address was an eloquent and appropriate one, and throughout the speaker was frequently interrupted by hearty applause. At the conclusion there was given three hearty cheers.

After the address of Col. Valentine a roster was made of the veterans in attendance. The following is a list of those who reported:

## FIELD AND STAFF.

General Edward L. Campbell.  
Major Eben W. Davis.  
Chaplain A. A. Haines.  
Adjutant Edmund D. Halsey.

## Co. A—Lieutenant James Donnelly.

William T. Barber,  
William P. Bryau,  
Nahum Creager,  
James Mattison,  
Benj. F. Wean,  
Theo. B. Bellis,  
Samuel Case,  
Moses Housel,  
Peter I. Tenbroeck,  
Benj. S. Wolverton.

## Co. B—Capt. James S. McDanolds.

Lieut. Chas. M. Fairclo,  
Lieut. W. S. Earle,  
John H. Allen,  
William E. Broadwell,  
Charles Hand,  
Jacob Hendershot,  
Henry J. Hull,  
James McDeed,  
Thomas Mitchel,  
Lucius I. Olmstead,

## Co. E.

Lieut. J. W. Mullery,  
Lieut. Jacob I. Lair,  
James V. N. Cornell,  
Noah W. Dunham,  
Wm. H. Dolliver,  
Isaac Porter,  
Thomas N. Stout.

## Co. F—Capt. James Penrose.

Enos G. Budd,  
Phineas Ely,  
Wm. H. H. Emmons,  
George R. Geddis,  
Alonso Hedden,  
John L. Larrison,  
Samuel M. Meeker,  
Daniel Morgan,  
Frank H. O'Neill,  
Ezekiel Barrick,  
Lewis H. Salmon,  
Theo. F. Swayze,  
John Seals,

Hiram M. Sands,  
Jacob Stultz,  
John B. Bayles,  
Samuel B. Danley,  
Samuel B. Heath,  
Jamson O. Howel,  
John Lawrence,  
Wm. H. McKinnon,  
John H. Mott,  
Jacob Riedinger,  
Wm. A. Schenck,  
Co. C—Capt. Lewis Van Blarcom.

Alfred M. Armstrong,  
Wm. W. Beers,  
John A. Clift,  
Albert C. Dildine,  
Edwin A. Dory,  
Silas J. Guerin,  
Charles H. Guerin,  
Silas B. Gennung,  
James H. Hathaway,  
Mauuel Johnson,  
Hugh H. Layton,  
Israel D. Lum,  
Walter A. Sidener,  
John Tyson,  
George Van Houten.

## Co. D.

Jacob O. Burdett,  
David L. Dennee,  
Thos. Dormida,  
Thos. Decker,  
James B. Ervey,  
George T. Fallin,  
Peter S. Gunderman,  
Andrew J. Hendershot,  
Richard D. Kelly.

A roster of visiting soldiers, to the number of over 50, was also taken.

A. Stroble, Co. I, 31st New Jersey.

M. L. Ward, Co. H, 31st New Jersey.

E. B. Heed, " " " " " "

Peter Alcock, Co. A, " " " " " "

Ed. Albertson, " H, " " " " " "

Jas. K. Swick, " A, " " " " " "

Isaac L. Willet, " H, " " " " " "

A. J. Dennis, " " " " " " " "

Casper Jones, Co. D, 11th New Jersey.

I. H. Berry, " E, " " " " " "

Stephen L. Miller, Co. E, 11th " " " " " "

Wm. Franson, " H, 8th " " " " " "

Theo. Burris, " I, " " " " " "

George W. Thurston, Co. D, 8th New Jersey.

Hayward G. Emmell, Co. K, 7th " " " " " "

Samuel Lyon, " C, " " " " " "

John T. Allen, " I, 30th " " " " " "

Fitz John Cummings, " D, " " " " " "

E. R. Wintermute, " B, 2d " " " " " "

J. D. Shawger, " " " " " " " "

I. J. Johnson, " " " " " " " "

L. P. Hannia, " I, 27th " " " " " "

David DeGraw, " L, " " " " " "

Amos Pruden, " I, " " " " " "

John Williamson,

Lawrence H. Wise.

Co. G.

George B. Shrope,

Wm. H. H. Wyckoff.

Co. H—Capt. Dayton E. Flint.

Lieut. Mauuel Kline,

Ford M. Canfield,

Charles B. Cornish,

William Forrester,

John B. Rush,

Leonard Snyder,

Samuel Trimmer.

Co. I—Capt. Owen H. Day.

John C. Chamberlain,

George W. Drake,

Stephen W. Gordon,

Lemuel Hardick,

George V. Huff,

James P. Kelley,

Martin Kintner,

James McDougall,

Wm. W. Padget,

Benj. H. Ross,

Nathan W. Savacool,

John D. Space.

Co. K.

Lieut. E. E. Williams.

Stephen Bayles,

Lorenzo D. Davenport,

Jacob Fooze,

David W. Halsted,

Frederick Van Riper,

David Webb.

Wm. Becker, 1st N. J. Band.  
 Orlando Culver, Co. D, 39th New Jersey.  
 A. G. Freeman, " C, 4th "  
 Theo. Neighbour, Sergeant-Major.  
 Eugene Troxell, Co. H, 26th New Jersey.  
 Alman Drum, Co. L, 2d N. J. Cavalry.  
 Wm. McComb, Co. I, 2d N. J. "  
 Wm. Carpenter, " M, " "  
 L. R. Schoenheit, " " "  
 W. H. Hoover, Co. A, " " "  
 Samuel Allen, " H, " " "  
 John S. Hazen, " E, " " "  
 S. M. Johnson, 1st N. J. Cavalry.  
 John Hanley " " "  
 Robert Kinsey, " " "  
 James Seal, Battery D.  
 Charles Williever, Battery B.  
 Jas. J. Dolliver, 6th N. Y. Battery.  
 C. H. Eakley, 11th Pa. Cavalry.

The hour of luncheon having arrived the veterans formed by companies, and proceeded to the hall of Sedgwick Post, where sandwiches and coffee were provided in an abundant supply. Here many an incident of camp fare was told and old jokes of the mess went round. Here also comrade Padget gave a recitation and song, entitled "The Soldiers' Lonely Grave," which he had composed on the death of the first of his fallen comrades. The boys also looked with considerable interest upon a copy of a general order issued January 15th, 1865, and signed by Maj. Gen. Wheaton, which awarded to Private James P. Kelly a furlough of fifteen days because at the inspection of that day "he was the best equipped and most thorough soldier of his brigade."

During the interval between the hour of lunch and the time for re-assembling Gen. E. L. Campbell, the old and popular Lieut. Colonel of the regiment, arrived. He was espied by many of the veterans as he came up the street from the depot, and was given a hearty welcome.

#### THE AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

Upon re-assembling at 2:30 o'clock, Major Davis introduced Gen. E. L. Campbell, who was greeted with three rousing cheers. His speech was an eloquent one and went to the hearts of his old comrades in arms, who gave him frequent and hearty applause. The subject of his remarks was "What it meant to be a Union soldier."

#### GEN CAMPBELL'S ADDRESS.

MY COMRADES OF THE 15TH REGIMENT NEW JERSEY VOLUNTEERS:—

I find around me to-day a remnant of a noble body of men. As I see that regiment in my mind's eye, on the morning when it first marched into action—marched with unwavering front, with nearly a thousand young faces animated and beaming with a sense of conscious duty as they looked forward into the possibilities and probabilities before them, their step more firm and steady for those very probabilities, every nerve and sinew and muscle rendered more vigorous and elastic by sights and sounds of real war now first saluting their eyes and ears; and compared that sight with the array of diminished numbers and altered mien which greets us to-day, my mind is filled with sad and solemn thoughts. What storms of battle you passed through from year to year; what trials of

courage, of endurance, of strength; and what trials of faith, hope and charity, faith in the principles that made you soldiers, hope for the triumph of these principles, and charity for those who in mad fury and blind folly strove to overthrow them. And what furrows those storms ploughed in your ranks. Three hundred and sixty-one, almost wholly taken from the original nine hundred and forty-seven. (the balance of the total 1871 were late recruits,) thirty eight per centum of the companions in arms endeared to you by common toils and perils, and more still by virtues which only trial by fire can develop, were left beneath the sods of the battle field. Years of struggle in life's battles since the last roll call, have again decimated your ranks by dragging down many of those crippled by wounds, or wasted by incurable disease. You to day represent the living remainder. Your limbs are not so stout and flexible as once; your faces are not so fresh and buoyant; your heads are splashed with the tinsel of time; your cheeks are furrowed with the grooves of care and increasing years; but you are the living representatives of a regiment which challenges the pages of history, near or remote, by its record in camp and march and battle, its courage, its discipline, its tenacity, its intelligence, its patriotic devotion to duty and country. It was an honor to lead such a body of men, of which any man might well be proud; and for one I feel it to be a crown of honor to have led it often into battle.

I do not propose, however, to emphasize the sad suggestions of the day. These come unbidden. Let us drop a soldier's tear for the fallen, and then, as you so often done before, turn from the sods with which you covered them to thoughts more full of present encouragement and inspiration to future duty.

I propose to ask you this question: Do you regret the act which made you soldiers? In view of all the past; however much it may have entailed upon you of loss and suffering; however much it may have wrecked your plans of life; are you sorry to-day that you were Union soldiers? Fifteen years have passed since you hung up your bruised arms for monuments; have your reflections since that time amidst the gradual unfoldings of history led you to repent of having taken up those arms? I for one do not regret it. If I could turn back the wheels of time and had a thousand lives to offer, I would lay them all on the same altar. What was it to be a Union soldier? I would magnify your appreciation of yourselves. I would have you truly value what you have been and what you have done. I fear you do not do this. Your modesty is equal to the courage you displayed. Hence it is that I invite your intention to this theme to-day. What did it mean to be a Union soldier?

Let me recall one of the most momentous occasions of your life; that night before you signed the roll and took the oath; when in the silent hours of darkness, amidst a thousand distracting thoughts, you decided the question "shall I go?" When the ties of affection, the stern demands of duty to those around you, the selfish longings of life and pleasure and business said "no," but the stronger promptings of patriotism and principle said "yes." What were the thoughts which chased

each other like tempest tossed billows through your minds as you walked the floor or tossed uneasily on your pillows the live long hours? Let us try to recall them. The pages of history were open before you, and you read something like this:

The story of the struggle between Liberty and Oppression is a long one. It is full of dark pages, pages of hardship, toil, suffering, tyranny, cruelty and slaughter. To understand this struggle we must glance at the origin of these ancient enemies.

We catch the first glimpses of our race as it emerges from the night of unrecorded time. The necessities of food, clothing, shelter and protection naturally gave rise to patriarchal institutions. As men multiplied they consolidated into larger masses, and the patriarchal family became a miniature nation, a tribe, composed of such families. The greedy selfishness, the predatory instincts, the sensual impulses, the natural animosities which characterized uncivilized man gave rise to conflicts of rude and barbarous arms, and fused tribes into full fledged nations. All these enterprises required leaders, chieftains, princes, Kings. The glory, fame, wealth and splendor which accompanied Chieftainship and Kingship gave birth to inordinate ambition. Unbridled ambition led to devastating wars with all their nameless and numberless horrors. The prevalence of wars, the necessities of constant aggression or defence, moulded the growth of all governments according to military ideas, gave shape and form to all social, civil and even religious institutions. All lands came to be held by military tenures; all official station, all civil authorities, all honors, titles and distinctions. Human institutions of every kind became artificial and arbitrary. All power was consolidated in the hands of a few weak and erring men, controlled by avarice, ambition and every human vice. Injustice, cruelty, tyranny, were the results, and the great masses of our race were reduced to a state of bondage. Such was the origin of oppression.

But underneath and parallel with all this was growing up a power which was to subvert them all. As the intellectual and moral faculties of man were cultivated and developed they began to feel that they had "rights"—rights to the fruits of their own toil, rights in the soil which God had given them to cultivate, rights of contract and trade, rights to freedom of action, locomotion, thought and speech, rights of conscience. These intuitions of truth grew and strengthened with the growth of society, grew in obedience to the laws stamped by the Creator upon the human mind and heart, under the impulse of those mysterious social forces which develop civilization out of barbarism. They flourished most when most trampled on. In process of time a monk in an obscure monastery discovered a chained Bible. He was amazed at its contents. He unchained it and gave it to the people. Men were taught out of that book that "all are equal in the sight of God," that they have a common origin, a common descent and a common destiny. Humanity recognized these important truths and responded to them. It was an easy natural step to the conclusion that all should be equal in the sight of man, before the magistrate, at the altar, before the law. Liberty must recognize its debt to the Bible; he who would not know but little of its origin. Hume says: "The spark of liberty had been kindled and

was preserved by the Puritans alone, and it was to this sect that the English owe the whole freedom of their institutions." Froude says: "To John Knox England owes a debt of liberty it can never repay." Montesquieu says: "Geneva is the mother of modern republics, and should celebrate with festivities the day on which Calvin entered the city." Bunsen says: "Calvin spoke for all times and all men, Europe owes its political liberty to him." In every country of Europe these principles took deep root and large masses of men were leavened and quickened by them. Such was the origin of Liberty.

There were two forces in conflict—the perverted desires and propensities of degenerate man entrenched behind unnatural, arbitrary institutions, at war with intuitions of truth, the sense of right, the consciousness of manhood of the great down-trodden mass—the first born of want, necessity, accident, environment and depravity; the other was the bud, blossom and fruit of human nature growing under the sunshine and showers of God's civilizing and enlightening forces—one of earth, earthly; the other of Heaven, divine—one dragged men down into a state of debasement and slavery; the other lifted them up to a godlike manhood and freedom. It was a semi intelligent struggle to pull down the arbitrary institutions of privilege, prerogative and so-called Divine right, and supplant them with the institutions of freedom based on the great law of nature.

That struggle was long and to human eyes doubtful; as we glance up the stream of history, we see sometimes one and sometimes the other triumphant. Now the eagles of Caesar, and now those of Brutus are in the ascendant; now the bloody banner of Charles IX. of France and now the white plumes of Henry of Navarre prevail; now the cruel Philip of Spain and now William the silent is victorious; now the Chevaliers of Charles I. of England, and now the round heads of Cromwell are in power. No human mind could have foretold the issue, but there was a power higher than man that was controlling it all—an unrecognized intelligence—a potent hand felt, but not seen. The time came for a transfer of the conflict to a new field of action.

The magnetic needle had given to the world a new continent held in reserve to the fullness of time—a virgin continent, sparsely inhabited by a barbarous race, but free from the artificial, hampering and debasing institutions of the cruel tyrant, man. That continent was to be planted. The seed was already prepared, as we have seen. It took three hundred years to prepare it—three centuries of bloody conflict between Liberty and Oppression. But how was that seed to be transferred to the new world? Persecution did the work. The intolerance of our mother country launched the Mayflower which led the stream of Puritan emigration to the "stern and rock-bound coast" of New England. The cruelties of France drove forth the Huguenots and scattered them in colonies along our shores. The same causes sent the peace-loving followers of Penn to Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and directed other currents to the same destination. Thanks, a thousand thanks, to the crowned and accepted tyrants of the old world—the mail-clad, helmeted, spurred and booted tyrants—who winnowed from all Europe its choicest wheat and scattered it broad-cast on these Western shores to spring up

into a nation of free men. Liberty owes a debt to tyranny—a debt which we are repaying by driving tyranny from the earth.

Unnoticed and unaided they grew in numbers, power and influence. The oppressed of every land sought the new asylum of liberty. They felled the forest, overcame or made friends of the savage, subdued the wilderness to the plow and made it blossom as the rose. From weak and feeble beginnings they rapidly became a great people. Their increasing resources began to attract the cupidity of the mother country, and she attempted to lay the heavy hand of exaction upon them. But such men could not brook oppression. Their fathers had crossed a trackless ocean to escape it, and had faithfully taught their children the principles of liberty. They had too long been accustomed to the freedom of their western homes to submit to the restraints and exactions of a government in which they had no representation. Were the arbitrary and artificial institutions which had so long enslaved the Old World to be transferred to the new? It could not be endured; it could not be thought of. At the very first imposition of the hand of arbitrary power they protested. They petitioned for redress. They reasoned, appealed, even plead to be left to enjoy the institutions their fathers had planted. They received no redress, no encouragement to hope for any. As the last resort they girded on the sword, appealing to the God of battles for the justice of their cause. Never was there a more memorable struggle than the seven years of war that followed. Without arms, ammunition or resources, they fought the mightiest power on earth. Without organization, experience in war or military training they contended with a nation famous for its military traditions, schooled for centuries in all the arts of war, and abounding in captains decorated for victories and boasting of their power in arms. Few in numbers they boldly cast down the gage of battle before a mighty people. With all these disadvantages they followed the immortal Washington from Concord and Bunker Hill to Yorktown. The God of battles smiled upon their cause.

A new nation was born on the earth—a nation dedicated to the principle that "all men are created equal, endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." So-called republics had existed before, but now, for the first time in the history of the world, a human government was founded on the distinctly formulated and proclaimed principles of civil liberty.

The enemies of free government said it would not last; that it was a rope of sand which would fall to pieces of its own weight; that it was a new experiment which would soon fail; that man was not capable of free government; that liberty was a creature of the imagination—sentiment; that it would soon result in some form of arbitrary government. Nearly a hundred years passed—years of mingled prosperity and adversity. We acquired new territory and multiplied in numbers until a continent was covered. We increased in wealth and all the elements of power until our flag challenged the respect of every foreign nation. The genius, enterprise and energy of our people demonstrated the marvelous influence of free institutions. The young republic became a standing threat to monarchical and aristocratic governments the world over. The principles of liberty, as exemplified by us, were more

and more permeating the political fabrics of the Old World. Kings, Emperors, Princes, Nobles and all their retainers, looked upon us with jealousy and fear. Their thrones and prerogatives were endangered by our infective and inspiring example. We were rapidly working out our "manifest destiny."

The day of crucial trial came at last—the great and, as we believe, final test. Eleven millions of our people became dissatisfied. Let us speak no hard words of them. They were descended from the same patriotic fathers; they were bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh; their country was our country and their God our God. Let us have malice toward none of them and charity for all. Brought up in the midst of an accursed institution foreign to our soil and hostile to our theory of government; seared by the prejudices of life-long education; not clearly apprehending some of the most essential tenets of liberty; long accustomed to a predominance in the government which was slipping from their grasp; they were precipitated into rebellion by wicked, cunning and ambitious leaders. They determined to disrupt the Union—confessed by them to be the best government the sun ever shone upon, and establish a confederacy, which they could rule themselves as they had formerly ruled—a causeless and unprovoked rebellion.

Shall this rebellion be suppressed? This was the question presented in April, 1861. In view of what we have said we may see what this question implied. It was not merely the preservation of the Union as so commonly represented. That alone would have been a sacred and sufficient cause. That Union was founded in the blood and sufferings of ancestors whom we revere. It was hallowed by the most sacred memories that ever clustered about the birth and youth of any nation. The South was a part of it—part of the great purchase—the great inheritance. Our fathers as well as theirs fought, bled and died to make it free. In an important sense it was our country as well as theirs. To preserve that Union, in all its integrity, as handed down to us, was a cause which elicited all the honest impulses of patriotism.

It was not the destruction of slavery as some thought and even yet seem to think. That was one of the results—a grand and glorious result. No one can estimate its importance higher than myself, but it was not one of the purposes for which we took up arms against our brothers. I have no sympathy and little patience with these narrow and shallow ideas. Many of the best of our people failed to grasp the gravity, the immensity of the crisis. They need even yet to be educated up to it. It was not these considerations that made you Union soldiers. It was more than these, immeasurably more. If our National Government could be forcibly rent asunder, without cause and without serious provocation, for no purposes but those of wicked ambition, it was clear proof to all the world that the great experiment of free government was a failure; that man, after all was not capable of self-government; that a republic was a mere rope of sand, possessing no inherent power of self preservation or for the protection of the institutions committed to its care. "Government of the people, for the people and by the people" was a mere creature of the imagination—a sentimentality. What could be done once could be done again; one seces-

sion meant many, and the land of Washington and Jefferson was to be broken into dismembered and hostile fragments, each the foot ball of nations foreign to itself. The accumulated results of a thousand years of self-sacrifice in the cause of human liberty was to be lost. All hope for the future of free government was dissipated. The fathers of our republic called out to us from their graves to preserve what had been won by their swords and consecrated by their blood. Future generations held out their hands to us and implored us to hand down to them the sacred heritage unimpaired. The whole world looked upon the contest with abated breath, nay, the universe of intelligence was a "great cloud of witnesses." It is impossible for any human mind to magnify, or even to measure the height, the depth, the breadth of the crisis of 1861.

The grand issue was THE RIGHT AND CAPACITY OF MAN FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT. And as this is the right preservation of rights, the only effectual muniment of all others, all others were involved and to be decided with it—all the "natural," "unalienable," rights of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

President Lincoln, in his celebrated Gettysburg speech most forcibly and beautifully presented the question in these words: "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any other so conceived, and so dedicated can long endure."

Leonidas and his immortal band fought and fell at Thermopylae for Sparta. It was written over them: "Go, stranger, tell at Sparta that we lie here in obedience to the sacred laws of our country." The Union soldier fought and fell, not only for his country but for mankind. The motive which animated him was not only love of country but love of Universal Liberty.

The Union was saved. The problem was solved. It was shown that man was capable of self-government, as our fathers had vindicated his right to self-government. We are again a united and prosperous people; more powerful and influential than ever before. We go on in the fulfillment of our "manifest destiny,"—our mission of peace, liberty and good-will to men. What is that destiny? that mission? Let us take a rapid glance at it.

For a century past our example has been silently revolutionizing the world. The soldiers of Louis XVI carried home on their bayonets from Yorktown the principles of 1776, and they fired a train in France which has scarcely yet spent its force. She has waded through seas of blood; through a "reign of terror"; through vicissitudes of prosperity and adversity unknown to any other nation. But she is to-day our sister republic, and this time liberty has come without license; it has come to stay.

The treaty of 1783 was scarcely dry before measures of reform were introduced in the British Parliament, enlarging the elective franchise. It has recently been still more enlarged under the guidance of the Liberal Gladstone. They have "household suffrage" now and most of

the monuments of liberty. Queen Victoria is but a fifth wheel in the grand old British tally-ho. How long will it be before they have manhood suffrage like ourselves? And then farewell to hereditary legislators; farewell to titles of nobility; farewell to primogeniture; farewell to every prerogative right. The crown itself will then be finally stored away in the South Kensington Museum as a famous relic of the past. England too, our mother, will become our sister republic—nay, in a better sense, our daughter republic.

The guns of Yorktown had scarcely ceased to echo before the King of Prussia yielded new measures of freedom to the quickened clamors of his people. The heaven has been working among the intelligent, liberty-loving natives of Fatherland, and to-day William and Bismarck are little more than the servants of a people whom they do not dare to call "subjects."

No nation on earth has escaped our silently revolutionizing influence. There is no corner of christendom to which that influence has not penetrated. No existing government is to-day what it would have been if we had failed. It has weakened every sceptre, and dimmed the dazzle of every crown on earth. It has lifted part of the burden and carried hope and courage to every oppressed people. And that invisible mighty agent will continue to work. When all the elements of our power and influence are multiplied ten-fold, as they will be, and our now young and growing institutions are moulded to the requirements of perfected liberty, its potency will be multiplied a hundred-fold. Wherever that glorious, historic star spangled banner shall go, it will be hailed as the emblem of Liberty—the symbol of justice and of human rights. It will be clothed with the power to make itself honored and respected. It will "disciple all nations." It will teach to all men the sacred legend, written all over its folds, between its stripes and among its stars, and made indelible by the blood of a million patriots, that "all men are created equal;" that man has a right to self-government; that he is capable of self-government.

It has been said that "Westward the star of empire takes its way." But that star in its course has already made the circuit of the earth. At the golden gates of California it salutes, across the calm Pacific, its starting place in what once was "far Cathay." Unlike other stars, it has reversed its orbit, and when in its relex course it shall have girdled the globe with free-governments; it will be said to the latest day, "time's noblest offspring was the first."

This is what it meant to be a Union soldier. Now I ask you again, do you regret that you wore the blue? In view of all the achievements of the past and all the promise of the future, in view of all that it cost you, do you repent or are you proud that you were Union soldiers?

Rev. A. A. Haines, the Chaplain of this regiment, was introduced as the next speaker, and was received with cheers and great enthusiasm. His address was mainly historical, recounting the services and sacrifices of the regiment. He was repeatedly interrupted with cheers and applause as well remembered instances fell upon the ears of the veterans, and there were times when great tears coursed down hardy cheeks that never bleached in the line of battle.

## CHAPLAIN HAINES' ADDRESS.

COMRADES:—After 15 years we meet again. How impressive are the circumstances which call us together. We who gather to-day, the survivors of that noble regiment that 18 years ago New Jersey sent forth to the battle field, are but a little band. In war and in peace has death been making inroads upon our ranks, and the brave and the noble have been leaving us. Yet what band of men are bound together by more hallowed associations. Tender and strong are the ties that link us. Words fail, and tongues of mortals cannot speak the emotions that come from our full hearts and choke our utterance and blind our eyes, as we clasp hands once more and listen to well remembered voices. We have passed through more than the mere baptism of blood. In thirty-six battles have bullets and shells been hurled in deadly fire upon our battalions. In thirty-six battles have we seen our comrades pour out their precious blood for the land they loved, and often from our own wounds have the red drops fallen on the Virginia soil. Few regiments ever suffered so heavy losses in actual killed and disabled on the field of battle. We never turned our backs upon the foe, and when other regiments might break, though torn and bleeding, we never yielded a position we were sent to hold.

We are growing older and eighteen years is no unimportant portion of human life. I see the boys who then were just old enough to be accepted and mustered in now in middle life, and others whose heads are being sprinkled with gray.

Our blood may course through our veins at a slower pace than formerly, but whose heart may not be quickened to a faster beating as we recall the stirring scenes of by-gone days.

Let us, as far as the time allotted us will permit, count our battles over. We were mustered at Flemington in the summer of 1862. On the 27th day of August we left the State for Washington numbering 925 officers and men. We were camped for a month at Tenallytown. We were then employed upon the defenses of Washington, making military roads, slashing timber and throwing up earthworks. This was wearisome work and not at all suited to our expectation and impatience to meet the foe. We heard often the booming of cannon from some not far off battle field, but we could only handle our muskets and drill from day to day, till Antietam was fought, and we were hurried along the Potomac to join the First New Jersey Brigade, in the First Division of the Sixth Army Corps. This was suited to our wishes. Torbert commanded the Brigade, Brooks the Division and Sedgwick the Corps. We were under fire for the first time on the north bank of the Rappahannock, December 12th. At 2 P. M., we formed in line of battle and moved rapidly across the plain. The enemy's batteries were bristling in full sight in position on the hills. When we moved they opened upon us and the booming of their guns and the shrieking of shells, that burst over our heads, filled the air. There was no hesitation in our quick step till we reached the position assigned us and held the gorge of Deep Run Creek. That evening we tasted death in actual conflict for the first time and our killed and wounded amounted to

thirty. Then the army was marched back and we passed an inglorious winter in the camp at Falmouth and White Oak Church. No sign of activity marked the gloomy season save Burnside's mud march. But we had losses very severe that winter. The terrible typhoid fever carried off scores of our gallant youth and we laid them to rest around that old primitive meeting house, the White Oak Church. They had thought of dying, not by wasting disease in camp, but in the rush of battle and the storm of bullets. The dreary months passed and on the Sabbath morning of May 3d we were confronting the enemy on the extreme left on the plain below Fredericksburg. While anxious people were at home worshipping at their morning service we were skirmishing with the enemy. Our losses numbered twenty and their bodies were left unburied on the field. We were at noon withdrawn from the extreme left and marched through the captured town of Fredericksburg and on to Salem Heights (a scene of bloody remembrances) and were sent immediately to take position with our brigade. Into the dark, pine woods near Sunset we charged upon an unseen enemy which greeted us with a full rain of bullets. Before the murderous fire one hundred and twenty of our comrades fell, some lifeless, some with ghastly wounds. These added to the thirty of the morning, made one hundred and fifty losses on that Sabbath day. The mistakes of Hooker rendered all the sacrifice of life in our own and other regiments of no avail, and the bleeding army were brought back to their former position. An entire month spent in our old camp was followed by the pursuit of Lee into Maryland and Pennsylvania.

On the 2d of July, 1863, the regiment by a forced march of thirty-five miles in sixteen hours reached Gettysburg. It was the critical moment of the whole war. This was the turning of the struggle. Lee had shown masterly powers in penetrating so far into the North, and now Philadelphia or Baltimore would shortly be at his mercy and all the disaffected elements of the Northern States would hasten to hail his coming. The arrival of the Sixth Corps was the saving of the country. The fight was in progress when we reached the scene and we were sent, weary as we were, to the front. We held the ground from which Sickles had been driven and from which Lee retired. On the morning of July 3d we found our position between Little Round Top and the town which we held till the conflict was over and Lee was far on his way toward Virginia. This was one of the few occasions where the enemy were the attacking party and we stood on the defensive.

At the beginning of 1864 we were encamped at Brandy Station. Here on January 17th a rude log chapel, constructed by our own hands and roofed with canvass, was opened for religious service. God was present with us by his Holy Spirit and uncommon seriousness pervaded our regiment and extended to others in the brigade. I remember with gratitude the precious meetings we held there night after night, with conversions at almost every service. Our last communion was a memorable occasion. Our last prayer meeting was very solemn, when we took down the canvass roof and on the morrow broke camp for the bloodiest campaign of the war. Grant had assumed command, though that good man Meade was still at the head of the Army of the Potomac.

On the 5th of May we were in the wilderness and participated in the skirmishing along the line of battle. On the 6th Ewell's troops broke the Third Division of our corps and nearly the whole night following the 15th occupied the advanced position they had held, till they were almost isolated from the rest of the army. The situation was hazardous and many believed us captured. But here our characteristic firmness was displayed, and not till orders came did we fall back and come into the new line. But in those short pine thickets how many of our gallant brethren were left dead, while others had been borne away carrying terrible wounds. On the 8th of May, at sunset on Sunday, occurred the affair at Alsop, in which our brave men were thrust by Gen. Warren into a position of danger and then left unsupported. That day Gen. Warren failed to reach Spottsylvania Court House, and the most terrible fighting we have ever known was in vain to wrest the position from the grasp of Lee. Then we were skirmishing on the 9th, 10th and 11th of May and losing men for no perceivable gain. Then came the 12th of May. None of us can ever forget the scenes of that wonderful day. At half-past three in the morning we moved toward the enemy, and as the sun was rising were sent with our brigade to assail the works at Salient point which has become a memorable spot from the blood and carnage which surrounded it. It was difficult to force our way through the pine thicket, then dash across the open space under the deadly concentrated fire of the foe. Other brigades participated; but I speak only of our own. Few charges of the war were more difficult and none more nobly executed. One thousand men of our brigade soon lay lifeless on the ground, but the line swept on. The 15th dashed through the abatis and into a portion of the rebel breastworks, which we stoutly held, driving out the rebels or bayonetting those who tenaciously held to the position. We lost in twenty minutes more men than in any conflict in which we participated during the war. We found ourselves alone. The tenure of the salient was brief. On either side the line was broken and enflading fire from a long distance swept through our ranks. The enemy opened fire from their inner line of breastworks and unless they were captured too, the salient could not be held. Accordingly, the regiment fell back, and when the shattered battalion was gathered, only seventy-five muskets were counted. Near one-fifth of the regiment lay dead in the breastwork or the narrow open space in front. Numbers crawled away to expire in the woods and others were borne to the hospital. No experience of all our service was so fatal as the half-hour from 10 A. M., to half-past.

Marching and skirmishing followed with occasional losses till the 1st of June when we reached Cold Harbor and one week of blood and carnage marked our stay. Oh, the horrors of war! how they pressed upon us as never before, and we were weary and heart sick. How we burrowed in the ground and communicated with other regiments by ditches sunk deep in the soil. We buried our dead where they fell in our midst. Brief if any was the funeral service and each felt nearer to death than ever before.

On the night of the 12th came the glad news to march out of our

trenches, and the regiment was relieved from this horrible place. Seven days more brought us to the outer defences of Petersburg, where we were occupied for a month, and July 15th found us in the Shenandoah Valley and repulsing an assault from Early's men. In an action on the evening of July 17th we lost sixty-one men in killed and missing. September 19th at the battle of Opequan we lost fifty men in killed and wounded. But we saw the rebels flying and Winchester was captured. On the 22d Sheridan engaged the enemy at Fisher's Hill and the brigade took their works, the 15th showing undaunted courage. On October 19th, 1864, sixteen years ago this day, was fought the battle of Cedar Creek. The enemy surprised the army and made an early assault. The Eighth Corps had their camps filled with the enemy and many of the men bayoneted in their beds before they could be aroused. The Nineteenth Corps soon gave way and the Sixth received the burden of the terrible onset. The volleys were terrific and to increase the terrors of the scene, our artillery as fast as captured were turned upon our forming ranks. Major Boeman was killed and many of the best men of the regiment slain or dreadfully wounded. Our color guard with three exceptions were all slain. Corporal Mowder fell dead with the State colors and the rebel seized it from his stiffening hand. This was the only flag we ever lost. It was retaken that night and returned next day by Generals Torbert and Custer, who told us it was no fault of ours, but the 15th had done its duty. A mile and a half from our camp we halted and formed behind stone walls, till Sheridan at ten o'clock rode into our ranks, saying, "Boys, I will put you back in your old camp to-night!" At four o'clock a general advance was made, resulting in the repulse of Early and the capture of a large part of his forces. Two thousand prisoners were taken and forty-five pieces of cannon, fourteen more than we had lost. Our officers were nearly all killed or disabled, and scarcely any noncommissioned officers were left. The number mustered at Flemington was now reduced to a mere handful.

Six weeks later we joined the army before Petersburg where we remained until April 2d, 1865, when we participated in the assault and capture of the Confederate works. We took part in the pursuit of Lee and were present at his surrender. We moved down towards Johnson but his surrender brought us back from the borders of North Carolina. We proceeded to Alexandria and were discharged at Treuton, July, 1865.

Time allows us not to dwell upon the incidents of our stirring military career, and I have named only our principal combats. We would dread the necessity of passing again through such an experience, but it is our joy to-day that we served our country in the day of her need, and by such costly sacrifices as our regiment made, was our Union preserved. I have recalled something of the past, let us return to the duty of the present. It is the duty of us, the survivors, to cherish the memory of our fallen. They sleep their last sleep. Some in Virginia soil where they fell, and some within the precincts of the quiet graveyards where the bones of their kindred repose. There is the bed of honor and of glory. As it lies in our power let us yearly scatter roses on their graves and keep the sod ever green. Then let their names

and their deeds not be lost in forgetfulness. Let us engrave them on stone, or brazen tablets, or print them in books, or speak them to youth, whose own patriotism shall be nourished, and when the land shall need them too, they will stand in the places of their fathers the defenders of right and union. Let us say these are the noble men who gave their life in their country's defense, and expired that she might live. It is our duty to care for one another. We are brothers. We have marched together, we have fought together, we have suffered together; let the recollections of the past bind us in a true brotherhood. I rejoice in the general prosperity of all who are living now, who were members of the 15th. But I know, if any suffer from calamity and want, sympathizing hearts will feel for him, and generous hands will be outstretched to aid. The government has largely pensioned the maimed and disabled, and has provided something for the soldiers' widow and orphan, but there may be many occasions when kindness and charity may further solace the hardness of their lot. It is our duty to maintain our patriotism to the last. After all we have done, let us not falter to uphold the principles we have avowed. We were right then when we cried, "Our Union must and shall be preserved." We are right now if we repeat the same sentiments and testify our undying love for liberty.

Oh, bear in mind, my brethren, there is such a crime as treason. It is a crime of the darkest dye, and the traitor is the most detestable of men. We have been generous to a vanquished foe. In our exhibition of generosity there was true nobleness on behalf of our nation and government. Yet we go too far, if while all their crimes are not repented, men who betrayed their trust and broke their oaths, and fought against the Union, and bloodied their hands with our brothers' blood, ask the highest positions in the country and are sent abroad our representatives to foreign governments. Can we trust them better now and believe they will be less ready to betray than in 1860 and '64. The hydra of secession is not dead. We fought and vanquished the soldiers of the Confederacy, but the children of those soldiers grown up are still more embittered against the constitution and the government and are thirsting for the hour when they shall be able as they think to avenge the wrongs of the lost cause. The future is portentous of evil. "Eternal vigilance," said Jefferson, "is the price of liberty." An unyielding spirit of patriotism, a jealous watchfulness over the interests of our country, the inculcation of right sentiments in the hearts of our youth, the choice of good men to office, who shall rule in the fear of God and seek the welfare of the whole land, are demanded, if we retain for years to come and transmit to other generations the inheritance we received from our forefathers.

It is our duty to be moral and religious men. We have obligations to God and the Saviour of mankind. We have obligations to the souls of others. Our example in all the walks of life should further piety and influence all we meet to what is holy and good. The atmosphere should be purer when we breathe it. Society should be more holy when we walk in it. Now we may leave an impress for good upon others who shall follow us, and eternity alone will disclose how much we have

accomplished for our country, for our fellow citizens and for the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Oh, brethren, hearken to me once more. Do you all love the Saviour of the world? Shall we meet in that blessed land where parting is unknown and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory?

I summon you, as in days gone by, to make a right decision now. Choose God for your Father, Christ for your Redeemer and the Holy Spirit for your comforter and guide. Then shall we, who have ten'd together through years of toil and conflict dwell eternally in one society, and behold the king of heaven in His beauty and worship and adore Him before the eternal throne. With a full heart I ask God to bless you and pray that heaven's choicest gifts may be yours for time and eternity.

At the conclusion of the address three rousing cheers for the Chaplain were given. An old man whose hearing was somewhat impaired had crept up close to the speaker and was intently listening to catch every word. It became known that he was John D. Dickerson, the aged father of three sons who had perished in the Fifteenth, and he was quickly escorted to a place of honor upon the platform.

Capt. Van Blarcom, of Newton, who lost a leg at Spottsylvania, came forward amid a storm of cheers. He had come here, he said, not to speak, but to shake hands with the boys. He had seen faces here to-day that he had not seen in fifteen years and this gathering proved to him that there is no need for a standing army—that the volunteer soldiers are able to fight the battles of the country. He went over the scenes of the past, asking the boys if they recollected this incident and that, and the boys in every instance made manifest the fact that their recollection was good. His remarks were interspersed with roars of laughter and with cheers as he graphically explained the way the regiment got its education in the science of war. He recalled how the raw, undisciplined men were trained under the fire at Fredericksburg and how they stood on St. Mary's Heights while the rebels brought three lines of battle against them, and did not know enough to run. He was proud to be present this day and looked upon it as an earnest of what was to come at future re-unions.

The following letter from Gen. Wm. H. Penrose, formerly Colonel of the regiment, was read and brought out three vigorous cheers:

FORT MISSOULA, MONTANA, }  
June 9th, 1880. }

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

Your esteemed letter of May 8th has just reached me, and I cannot in words express the various thoughts and feelings it called up. My mind wandered back to the first moment when the great honor was conferred upon me of the command of that noble, gallant body of men, to the last moment when I bid them farewell to go to their homes and business. Words are inadequate to express my admiration for my old regiment. In discipline they were equal to any regular troops I ever saw before or since the war, and I have been in the army from childhood. In bravery they may have been equaled but never excelled. For endurance and all the other qualifications that go to make up a perfect soldier, but few equaled them. I do not want to be invidious, but the losses sustained by the regiment attest its special valor. The lamented

General Mead called me back after a review in the Spring of '65, and before many general officers said to me: "General Penrose, you have the best disciplined brigade in the Army of the Potomac." A high compliment; the old 15th was part of that brigade.

Glad indeed am I that some one has taken up the pen, mightier than the sword, to preserve to history and future generations, even in a limited way, the part taken by the regiment during the war. I know of no one more capable of writing a full and complete history, than the cool, brave Lieut. Col., Gen'l E. L. Campbell. I trust he will undertake it.

Long ago, had I been East, I would have tried to get up a re-union, not only of the regiment, but the brigade. Old associations of the war should not be allowed to slumber. "It is good to meet together." The military feeling then engendered should be kept alive and handed down to our children's children, that the bravery, patriotism and self-denial of their fathers and fore-fathers be kept alive in their breasts and the same high principles inculcated.

Nothing could possibly give me more pleasure than to be with you all, but the long distance which separates us, and the difficulty of getting leave during the months when Indian difficulties are most apt to occur, will in all probability prevent my being present. "IN PROPRIA PERSONA" at this, your first meeting but I will be in spirit. Will you do me the favor of letting me know the date on which the re-union takes place in order that I may express my satisfaction in the movement. One of these days I CERTAINLY will be with you, for I know of nothing that has given me a keener feeling of pleasure than that I am remembered by old comrades.

The proudest day of my life was when I commanded the 15th, and ever will be, no matter what other commands my military life may give me.

Remember me with warmest love to each and every man of my old Regiment, and believe me,

Most sincerely your friend,

WM. H. PENROSE.

Capt. and Br'vt Brig. Gen., U. S. A.

JAS. S. McDONALD, Esq., Trenton, N. J.

A letter from comrade Levi Bunyon, of Co. A, now in the West, was also read.

Maj. Davis at this moment unfurled a trophy with the remark, "If anybody thinks we didn't get near to the rebels, look here!" at the same time unfurling a Confederate flag, which Sergeant Larrison, of Co. F., had captured at Spottsylvania, which was quickly recognized. The Major then graphically told the circumstances of its capture, which took place at Spottsylvania, May 10th. 1864.

Col. Campbell then introduced to the audience Corporal Jacob Stutz, who had also captured a rebel flag at Spottsylvania on the 12th of May.

The audience greeted both Larrison and Stutz with the cheers they deserved.

Col. Chas. Scranton, who mustered in the regiment, was the next speaker. He spoke of the noble record of the regiment. Enough men were furnished to make its whole number 1,731, and when it came back to Trenton there were but a little over 300 left. More than 300 fell in battle and by disease, and hundreds of others were wounded and maimed for life.

Captain Van Blarcom offered the following resolutions respecting the death of their former Brigade Commander, the late Gen. A. T. A. Torbert.

At the first re-union of the Fifteenth Regiment, N. J. Volunteers, on

the 19th day of October, 1880, at Hackettstown, in the State of New Jersey, in view of the untimely death of the late Major General Alfred T. A. Torbert, who in the war of 1861 commanded the First Brigade, First Division of the Sixth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, with which brigade the Fifteenth has the proud honor of having been connected; therefore it is resolved,

FIRST, That the surviving members of said regiment, at such re-union assembled, unanimously desire to put upon record their great appreciation of the merits of the deceased General as an accomplished soldier and a gentleman, and their profound sorrow at his unfortunate decease.

SECOND, That we have a lively remembrance of his soldierly qualities at the review and in the field, of his solicitous regard for his command on the march and in the camp, and above all, of his conspicuous gallantry, and high courage in the hour of battle.

THIRD, That we are glad that this occasion gives us the privilege to recognize that the honors that cluster about the career of the First Brigade are in great part owing to the magnificent generalship and inspiring example of our late lamented commander.

FOURTH, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased general.

The resolutions were adopted, silently and reverently.

The chairman stated that the object of the re-union was for the purpose of taking measures to perpetuate the history of the regiment and the following resolutions were offered by General Campbell and passed:

FIRST, That provision be made for the preparation and publication of a complete history of the 15th Regiment, N. J. Volunteers.

SECOND, That a committee be appointed to solicit subscriptions enough to pay for an edition of 250 copies; the book not to cost more than \$1.50 at a fair price.

THIRD, That each member be a committee to obtain as many more subscriptions as he can.

FOURTH, That Rev. A. A. Haines, Chaplain, is hereby appointed Historian, to prepare a complete history of the regiment—to commence work as soon as subscriptions enough are received to guarantee the cost of printing an edition of 250 copies; and to own the copyright of the work.

FIFTH, That every member turn over to Chaplain Haines all the material in his possession and aid him in every practical way in the preparation of the work—he to carefully preserve and return all papers, etc., so furnished to him.

It was moved and carried that a history of the deceased officers of the regiment be added.

It was also resolved to form a permanent organization, and the following officers were chosen:

President—Gen. E. L. Campbell.

Secretary—Adjutant E. D. Halsey.

Treasurer—Chaplain A. A. Haines.

Morristown and Flemington were nominated for the place of holding the re-union next year, but on motion the selection was left to the officers and executive committee.

The chairman was authorized to appoint an executive committee, to consist of one from each company, and one from the staff.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Captains McDonalds and Kline for their services in getting up this first re-union of the Fifteenth New Jersey Volunteers. The chairman spoke of the great amount of work they had performed and of the fact that they had paid all the expenses themselves. Three rousing cheers were given for them.

Short speeches were made by Swayzee of Co. F. and others.

A resolution of thanks and cheers were given the people of Hackettstown for their hospitality, and the meeting broke up with a succession of cheers, the last of which was for "our noble selves."

#### THE EVENING.

At half-past five o'clock the veterans and their friends sat down to a substantial dinner at the American House, at the conclusion of which a number of toasts were offered, which were responded to in a manner which awakened the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The toasts and respondents were as follows:

"Our absent comrades of the Fifteenth—our remembrance and love for them is undiminished. Wherever they are, God bless them." To which Adjutant Halsey made a fitting reply.

"Our fallen comrades—more honored than ourselves, in having been permitted to fall for their country." Faces sobered and eyes grew misty as Chaplain Haines recalled remembrances of the glorious dead. He recalled the fatal 12th of May, 1863, when 150 men of the regiment were swept away in a half hour. When their bodies were recovered in the blouse pocket of nearly every one was found the little testament and hymn book which had been distributed among the men.

"Our comrades of other regiments" was handsomely treated by Capt. Van Blarcom, who again raised perfect storms of hilarity.

"The loyal citizens of Warren, Sussex, Morris, Hunterdon and Somerset Counties," was a theme eloquently discussed by Col. C. H. Valentine.

"The patriotic ladies of our State" was the toast entrusted to Gen. Campbell, who paid a glowing tribute to the loyalty and devotion of the ladies of the Union. In conclusion he bade the boys a tender farewell, saying that it was the crowning honor of his life to have had the privilege of leading them often into a fight.

"The citizen soldiers," was a topic ably treated by Col. Scranton.

"The Fifteenth New Jersey Volunteers—last on our tongues to-day, but ever first in our hearts." was the concluding toast, and the response was three cheers so hearty that the foundations of the building shook.

This brought the exercises of the day to a close. A little later the last handshakings had been made, the last farewells had been said, and the survivors of the Fifteenth were speeding their various ways, with the pleasant satisfaction that this day of greeting with their old comrades had been one of the happiest of their lives.

NOTE. Chaplain Haines has undertaken the history of the regiment and all who desire copies should send in their names either to him at Hanburg, N. J. or to some of the officers of the organization as their will only be a limited number printed.

### COL. CAMPBELL'S OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF SALEM HEIGHTS.

HEAD QUARTERS 15TH REGIMENT N. J. VOLUNTEERS.  
Camp Near White Oak Church, Va. May 11th, 1863.

CAPT. WHITEHEAD, A. A. A. G.,

SIR:—In compliance with circular order from Headquarters 1st Brigade just received I have the honor to submit the following report:

My command broke camp at White Oak Church, Va., on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 28th, and marched to the banks of the Rappahannock near Frauklins Crossing, where it bivouacked until toward morning, when it was moved to the river and crossed in boats just before daylight on the morning of the 29th, taking up a position immediately on the left bank. Remained there until the morning of the 3d day of April inst., a part of which time was employed in doing out post duty immediately in place of the evening.

On the morning of the 3d inst. I was ordered to the front at about daybreak and was assigned to a position in support of a battery on the extreme left which was hotly engaging the enemy. Remained upon this duty, taking up various positions and being part of the time exposed to a severe scattering flank fire from the enemy's line of skirmishers, until the enemy was driven from his position on the heights above Fredricksburg, and the lines on the left were ordered to retire toward that place, when I was left in the rear as a support to our retiring skirmishers by order of the General commanding division. Everything was brought from the field without difficulty as the enemy did not follow up. After procuring ambulances (to get which I was compelled to send to the city of Fredricksburg) and removing the wounded left upon the field during the rapid movement, I proceeded upon the line of march of the corps. Arriving some distance out of the city, on the plank road, I learned that the enemy was making stout resistance in front and that the 1st brigade were about to engage him. Marching as rapidly as practicable, I arrived at the front at about 5 o'clock P. M., and without halting, was immediately ordered by General commanding corps to engage the enemy on the right of the road in a thick wood in which the enemy had taken a position and effectually resisted an attempt to dislodge him. My command advanced about one hundred yards through a dense and in places impassible undergrowth to within about thirty yards of the enemy's position where it engaged at least four of his regiments, with, as I am convinced, a terrible effect, but without driving him from his well chosen position. Just at dark, my ammunition being entirely exhausted, and the enemy's fire destructive, I retired in good order, the enemy showing no disposition to follow. I have the satisfaction of saying for my command, that not a man left the line of battle except the wounded, and when the roll was called immediately upon arriving in the open field, every man was present or properly accounted for, except those who were killed, wounded, or missing in action, the latter being but five, and all probably killed or wounded. My wounded were all brought off during or after the action except possibly the five mentioned above, not found on account of the dense undergrowth of bushes.

Sunday night my command bivouacked upon the battle field. During the engagement of Monday was assigned to various positions, a part of the time in support of batteries, when at night the artillery was ordered to retire toward the river. I was ordered to follow the artillery. Recrossed the river just before daylight in the morning and went into camp on the right bank. On Friday, the 8th inst., marched to my present place of encampment.

E. L. CAMPBELL, Lieut. Col. Commanding.